

Brower's Romance

When Brower first came to us he said he was twenty-one, but looked seventeen. Brower had weak eyes and pulled the front of his gray crush hat down to protect them. He also had a weak larynx, and pulled his brown collar up to protect that. Furthermore, a paragrapher checked as he remarked that one would expect to see a cow following him.

The title of Brower's position on the great western daily which allowed him to live by earning a living was first assistant apprentice in the art department. His salary was small, but Brower said it paid his board, and that was "pretty good." Brower never grew enthusiastic. He seldom spoke unless spoken to. His answers were then usually the shortest of sentences.

The first information he was known to volunteer was one day when Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego would gladly have remained in the fiery furnace through a more matter of consequence. "The boy remarked that it was 'pretty warm.'"

Coming from the far northwest, the warmer climate benefited his weak larynx and his voice grew stronger.

A rise in salary spurred him into getting a hard brimmed straw hat made. As his voice ceased to be feeble he grew less diffident. Underneath that quiet exterior was concealed something which, if properly sounded, revealed the true ring of manhood, with an echoing smack of Bohemianism.

Now, an artist was an exception to the general rule on our paper, but he quit at 11 p. m., as did most of the desk men. So one night the man who worked at the next table and myself asked Brower to come and join us.

Although we had never seen Brower in the office, we had never seen him do anything outside of the art department—we were not surprised to see him drink a beer. But later in the evening, after we had hied ourselves to a variety theater for the purpose of showing Brower some of the town, we were surprised.

It was a sort of beer garden and concert hall combined, where the voice of the water could be heard persuasively and continually crying out: "Somebody tell me something! What is it? Two hours; two, six, eight, ten, twelve! Three! Who dies wants beer!"

The golden sisters in (stage) nevis-boy costume, clean gingham skirts, black knee breeches and bright green stockings, in dress brought the weary capitalist standing in the wings to purchase Police Gazette and Clippers. A lightning change brought them out again in characters of bold Irish lads "just from o'er the sea." Miss Mamie Gray Norton warbled, Miss Mamie Leslie furnished a little harmony and Wars and Van Rensselaer rendered negro songs.

During the whole time Brower spoke not.

"Well, how do you like it, Brower?" asked Mac.

"Oh, pretty well. Which one do you think sings best?" replied he.

"After that nothing Brower did or said surprised us.

"Do you ever keep any sketch books?" I asked him one day.

"Yes, I have one," he replied.

"Bring it down and let me see it," said I.

Next day he brought the book. It contained twenty-seven sketches, executed in a style to make us turn green with envy. The sketches were of one dog in as many different positions. I pored over the book with the interest of a naturalist discovering a new animal or an astronomer a new star. We could draw a dog in several positions, but how any man could see a dog in twenty-seven positions and draw it was beyond us.

We had ceased to wonder at Brower. He was an enigma not to be solved, so we gave up guessing. But we traced those dogs and put them in our reference book marked "Animals."

There was at that time a certain restaurant not unknown to most of us where a meal could be had for fifteen cents. Brower was a steady customer and regularly bought a commutation ticket, which called for seven meals for a dollar. Perhaps the forty cents he thereby saved a month was not so much an inducement as the pretty blonde waitress.

She said Brower was an awfully nice customer to wait on. He never kicked. He was the quietest and politest young man she had ever seen.

"And there's the kind of customers I like to serve."

He was polite enough to pardon her

grammar for the sake of her pretty eyes and plump figure.

She usually gave him his check with the last side dish, but one day in August, Annie—for such was her name—told him to come to the table.

"Why don't you never go on one of the best excursions, Mr. Brower?" she shyly asked.

"Because I work until 11 o'clock at night."

"Why, that's just the time the boat gets back. I'm going on one tonight. How would you like to come down when the boat gets in and take me home?"

"Oh, pretty well," he grinned.

Five minutes past 11 saw Brower at the wharf and five minutes later they boarded a car for the little girl's home. There was only one vacant seat, and that was in the front of the car on the platform. She climbed in and Brower stood on the footstep with his left hand holding on to the end of the seat. It was a long ride and it seemed as if no one would get off. The little blonde squeezed over until her fluffy hair touched the grisman's sleeve.

"Why don't you sit down, Mr. Brower?"

"Oh, there ain't room for two," said he.

Anybody but Brower would have made room.

"Say, put my picture in the paper some time, will you?" she rattled on.

"Oh, I can't draw girls," said he. "I can't draw anything very good but dogs and horses."

"Well, can't you draw it if I give you my photo? There was a girl used to work where I did once, and she took a picture and a reporter came to our house and got a photo out of the album and now I see her picture in the paper."

Here a man got off and Brower sat down next to Annie.

"It's a pretty nice night," said he.

"Say, won't you please, Mr. Brower?"

"But I told you I couldn't draw girls."

"Well, how'll I ever get it in if you don't?"

"Take poison," said Brower.

The grisman smiled. Annie squirmed and Brower sat imperturbable. He had evidently meant what he said, and the rest of the ride was spent in silence. There was no hanging over the gate for that couple.

Brower left her at home and hurried back to the car line. No cars in sight and not likely to be, thought he, as he looked at his watch, which indicated ten minutes past 12. He wore a gold watch with a leather shoestring for a chain, which was fastened to his vest by a big brass safety pin.

"It's a pretty long walk," he mused; "but I guess I'll have to do it."

It was a part of the city he had never seen before, so he decided to follow the car tracks until he could get his bearings and take a short cut for home.

Block after block he rapidly covered, until the houses grew more pretentious, and he realized that he must be getting into the swell part of the city.

Suddenly there rang out an air on a pistol shot. Simultaneously a shriek was heard, then a side door of a mansion was flung violently open and two dark figures dashed down the steps, only to be arrested by a third, whose brass buttons and silver shield glistened in the moonlight.

The sound of scuffling feet on the wide gravel walk fell on Brower's ears as he crouched peering from behind a tree. Then another pistol shot and the brave policeman sank to the ground dead.

The two dark figures, with a curse on their lips, bounded down the path almost brushing the tree behind which Brower was concealed. As they swept past him he could see that they wore masks, exposing only the lower part of their faces, yet not so swiftly did they fly but Brower's rapid eye caught the distinctive points in their appearance.

The noise of the two shots attracted several people and a brother officer to the scene. Brower called the officer aside and told him what he had seen and heard, gave the officer his name, address and occupation, and, after receiving an injunction to "say nothing to nobody until called upon," started again for home.

Brower was excited. The double murder—for such it afterward proved to be—was enough to excite the strongest nerves.

"There's no use going to bed in this condition," thought he. "I must get something to quiet me down."

He walked several squares beyond his own unpretentious street and made his way to an all-night saloon. The whiskey corresponded with the locality, and that was bad, which Brower knew for his condition.

Entering the saloon he called for his drink and was in the act of tossing it down when his attention was suddenly arrested, for at the other end of the bar two dark figures engaged in subdued conversation, who shot suspicious glances at the young man.

Slowly he drank his liquor, while he cast a steady, sidelong glance. He was satisfied that they were the two men who had brushed past him so shortly before.

"Have you any paper?" asked Brower to the man behind the bar. "I would like to write a note."

The barkeeper fumbled around, muttering that this "weren't no stationery store," and finally produced a soiled sheet.

Pulling out his pencil Brower deliberately wrote his note. He then bought another drink and entered into conversation with the barkeeper, all the time trying to evolve some feasible plan to effect the capture of the murderers, as he believed them to be.

Whatever his scheme might have been it was effectually stopped by the parties abruptly taking their departure.

"It will not do to lose sight of them," thought Brower. "I'll follow them until I run in with an officer and put him on their trail."

Rapidly, and as he fancied unobserved, he glided in their footsteps through dimly lighted streets and dark alleys, never once losing sight of them. Suddenly they turned a corner and Brower quickened his gait.

Alas for poor Brower! As he turned that corner, hot in pursuit, a heavy blow from the butt end of a revolver laid him low. Several more followed, but he did not feel them.

"I shall we finish him," said one of the dark figures.

"No," spoke the other. "He's only a boy and don't know nothing, and he could not hurt us any way."

Unconscious and bleeding they left him, where he was found at early dawn by a policeman, who rang for an ambulance and sent him to the hospital.

Next day the newspapers were shouting: "All about the double murder!" A bank president had been murdered in his own home by burglars. A brave policeman, who had caught them in the act, also fell a victim to the villains. The only eye-witness to the deed was missing and the whole affair was a mystery.

A half-dozen suspects were landed behind prison bars. Brower could not be found at the office. We were scared. Rewards amounting to \$10,000 were offered for the detection of the guilty parties.

Late in the afternoon of the third day a messenger came to me saying I was wanted at the City hospital. Hurrying there I was shown to the surgical ward, where, on an iron cot, lay poor Brower. Hastening to his side I grasped his hand.

The sight of a familiar face worked a revolution, and his mind cleared instantly. The nurses said he had been delirious most of the time.

"Come," said he, "get me out of this pretty quick."

I expostulated. But Brower was firm in his determination. I knew the superintendent and got him to sign his release.

"He's all right now, so long as he has his wits," said the superintendent. "He was more scared than hurt."

Handing him to a carriage I drove at his request directly to the office of the chief of police.

"Come," said Brower. He was cool and steady now.

Gaining our admittance, Brower pro-

ceeded to make known his errand. From beginning to end he told all he knew of the murder—how he recognized the two men in the saloon who followed him in the hope of finding an officer; how he had turned the corner in hot pursuit, and there his narrative ended, because that was as far as he went.

"But what was your idea of writing a note?" asked the chief.

"Here's the note," said Brower, handing it to him. "You can read it yourself."

Once glance at that soiled piece of paper and the chief rose, striding over to where Brower sat, thrust out his hand, saying:

"My boy, you've got the right stuff in you. That's the most welcome note I ever read."

It was an accurate likeness of two of the most desperate criminals unhanged.

The chief of police caught them and we saw them receive capital punishment.

The reward was divided between Brower and the detective who made the arrest, Brower getting the lion's share.

"I guess I'll go over to Europe pretty soon," said Brower when the money was paid over to him.

And he went.

He did not write. We have never heard from him.

This has been some years ago, but a friend of mine who is something of an art critic tells me the last time he was in Paris he saw a painting by an American artist which was creating a great furor in art circles. It was of one dog in twenty-seven different positions.—The Owl.

CHATS ABOUT ADVERTISING

A WORD TO THE PROPRIETORS OF SMALL AND MEDIUM-SIZED STORES.

An idea that the larger stores are the only ones that can advertise successfully is a mistaken one. It is true that the small dealers cannot afford to use the large amount of advertising space that is used by the department stores, but they can use suitable space to tell the people about the goods they have for sale, with profit to themselves proportionate to that of the larger stores.

The smaller dealers of other cities have found this to be true. I know of no other city the size of Scranton where so few small display advertisements—by small ones I mean from one to six inches—are carried in the columns of the daily papers.

I have on my desk a copy of a daily newspaper published in a city of 110,000 population, and in it I find a column of small display advertisements, representing grocery, drug, shoe, dry goods and stationery stores, insurance agencies, barber shops, coal dealers, etc. It must pay the people to run these advertisements. They are not spending their money for their health.

The great fault with the few small advertisers of this city is, they seldom change their advertisements. Some never change them at all, but they are content with simply stating their name, address and business. Such advertisements do not bring business. It is the fellow who tells why people should trade at his store, and gives good reasons, too, who gets the business. Surely every merchant must have some good points about his store, some line of goods of which he makes a specialty.

Tell the public these facts in a straightforward way through the newspapers, changing the matter frequently, and if the space used is only two inches, it is bound to bring business.

The Tribune proposes to do all that it can to encourage the proprietors of the many smaller stores hereabouts in the line of advertising, and in order to help the good work along, we make the following proposition:

To any such merchant who will use in the columns of The Tribune a display advertisement occupying from one to six inches, to be paid for at our regular card rates, we offer to send one of our representatives, upon application, to secure the information necessary to make a good advertisement for his line of business, write the advertisement and place it in the paper. We cannot promise to do this continually, but will do so for a reasonable period.

is by no means the phenomenal bargain advertised. The would-be buyer is naturally disappointed, and leaves the store without making a purchase, and will have no confidence in the subsequent advertising of this house. Exaggerated advertising does not pay. It breeds lack of confidence, and a store in which the public is losing confidence is with us for a short time only.

There are many other reasons why some merchants do not reap the benefits they should from their advertising, but lack of space in this issue forbids further discussion on the subject at present. We will, however, delve further into this question at another time.

Small Points.

Possibly your style of advertising does not suit your business, or it may be your ads are poorly written, or not changed often enough. Possibly the trouble is in your store. Look into the matter. It is surely an important one. If you cannot locate the matter with certainty, experiment a little with your style and system. Ask expert advice. You are bound to succeed eventually.

Remember that "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." If your advertising is not paying you as it should, study it carefully and find out why. One thing is sure: Ask expert advice. It is made to pay. Others are reaping profit from it continually; why not you?

Don't be one of those back numbers who are continually debating the question "Does advertising pay?" Look around you, and you will find a host of living examples testifying to the fact that it does pay, and pays well.

A merchant may be selling—or trying to sell—butter at a lower price than that advertised by one of his competitors, but if he does not advertise the fact, how is the public to know it?

A conservative estimate places the expenditure for advertising in the United States for the year just passed at \$200,000,000.

The successful business houses of every community are the ones that do the best newspaper advertising.

What Others Say.

An advertisement which is all cut up into sections by the use of different sorts or sizes of type and borders and ornaments, is like a handful of small pebbles. It is thrown at the reader, but doesn't make an impression on him. If the advertisement is set so that it makes one complete, compact chunk, it will be solid enough to make an impression when it strikes. If you want to hit a man you would a good deal rather have one good-sized stone than a handful of sand.—Bates, in Printers Ink.

Profitable advertising has been found to be a reasonable percentage of expenditure steadily made in the best medium or medium the appropriation will secure. The small ad run steadily with proper changes will eventually bring in more profit than the big occasional display. Reach the eyes of all the people you can all the time. If you advertise extensively employ a bright, reliable advertiser. Steer clear of the fakir in all things, advertising especially.—Trade Register.

Tell your story as though you believed it—and the telling strikes men and women, regardless of rank and class. Be sincere in your statements; mean what you say; say what you mean, and say it with all your might. Talk in print as you would in person.—Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.

A furious shower does not soak in so well as a steady rain. A double-column advertisement once a year is not so good as a half-inch fifty-two times a year.—Newspaperman.

It is true that advertising will not put merit into poor merchandise, but good merchandise often becomes poor for the want of good advertising.—Paul Point.

Worse.

"I was sorry to do it," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but I was obliged to take notice of such gross neglect of duty. I have discharged the property man."

"He was very careless," remarked Mr. Orestes Van Hamm. "He forgot the prompt book twice."

"It was worse than that this time. He had allowed the company to come away without its road map."—Washington Star.

FREE!

Weak Men Restored

Or No Expense for Treatment

A course of remedies—the marvel of medical science—and apparatus endorsed by physicians will be sent on TRIAL, WITHOUT ADVANCE PAYMENT. If not all we claim, return them at our expense.

MEN WHO ARE WEAK, BROKEN DOWN, DISCOURAGED, men who suffer from the effects of disease, overwork, worry, from follies or excesses, from unnatural drains, weakness or lack of development of any portion of the body, failure of vital forces, untimely for marriage—all such men should "come to the fountain head" for a scientific method of marvelous power to vitalize, develop, restore and sustain. On request we send description, with testimonials, in plain sealed envelope (No C. O. D. disposition or other deception.) Address—

Eric Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

JONAS LONG'S SONS. JONAS LONG'S SONS. JONAS LONG'S SONS.

SATURDAY Will Be a Big Bargain Day in Men's Underwear.

SATURDAY Will Be a Big Bargain Day in Men's Furnishings.

SATURDAY Will Be a Big Bargain Day in Boys' Clothing.

SATURDAY Will Be a Big Bargain Day in Good Hosiery.

CORSET COVERS—Round or square neck, embroidered trimmed, 12c

CHEMISE—Of good quality muslin, trimmed with pretty narrow ruffles..... 23c

GOWNS—Empire style, trimmed with ruffles and embroidered, 20c

DRAWERS—H and d, dromely trimmed with deep embroidery, finished with 4 fine tucks 33c

SKIRTS—Two styles that are trimmed with ruffles, edged with lace and pretty embroidery..... 59c

GOWNS—Handsome Empire style, with wide rows of inserting, edged with embroidery; ruffles of embroidery around wrists..... 69c

SUSPENDERS—Very fine Web Suspenders, extra quality, patent buckles; 25c kind. Saturday..... 19c

SILK NECKWEAR—About fifty dozen Silk Band Bows and Club House Ties that were 25c. Saturday..... 12 1-2c

UNDERWEAR—Natural Wool and Camel's Hair Shirts and Drawers that were 75c. Saturday..... 48c

And the best Collars on earth—the "Peyser"—equal to any at 25c, for only..... 10c

KNEE PANTS—Of drab Corduroy, sizes 3 to 15 years; heavy waist band, all seams stayed with tape; 75c kind. Saturday..... 49c

VESTEE SUITS—Of fine Cheviot, sizes 3 to 8 years, collar trimmed with cloth and soutache braid; vest trimmed to match; pants finished with bow and buckle; \$2.50 kind. Saturday..... \$1.69

SUITS—For boys, 8 to 15 years, double-breasted, well made and trimmed, five patterns; \$3.50 kind. Saturday..... \$2.25

WOMEN'S—Fine full fashioned, fine gauge, fast black, with high spliced heel and double sole; worth 25c pair. Three pairs for 50 cents, or..... 17c

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL HOSE—In sizes from 6 to 9½; extra fine cotton, full 3-thread, with seamless foot. None better ever sold under 15c. On Saturday..... 10c

MEN'S HOSE—With seamless foot, double toes and heels. Colors—light random, black or tan. Always 17c pair. Saturday..... 12 1-2c

1000 Paper Novels at 5 cents

Titles by Laura Jean Libbey, Charlotte M. Braeme, Charles Garvice and over 100 others

500 Lunch Boxes at 10 cents each

Of extra good fibre, well made and bound—strong handles and extra large sizes.

Jonas Long's Sons

READY REFERENCE GUIDE OF Scranton Representative Firms

ART MATERIAL, FRAMING AND PHOTO SUPPLIES.
The Griffin Art Studio, 209 Wyoming.

BANKS.
Scranton Savings Bank, 122 Wyoming.
Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank, 429 Lack.
Third National Bank, 118 Wyoming.
West Side Bank, 109 N. Main.
Lack. Trust & Safe Dep. Co., 404 Lack.
Fidelity Nat. Bank, Wyo. & Spruce.
Dimm, Dis. and Dep. Wyo. & Spruce

BOOTS AND SHOES—WHOLESALE.
Goldsmith Bros., 304 Lackawanna.

CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM—WHOLESALE.
Williams, J. D. & Bro., 312 Lackawanna.

FRUITS—WHOLESALE.
Wegman Fruit Co., 11 Lackawanna.

GROCERS—WHOLESALE.
Kelly, T. J. & Co., 11 Lackawanna.

HARDWARE AND NINE SUPPLIES.
Hunt & Connell Co., 431 Lackawanna.

HEATING AND PLUMBING.
Howley, P. F. & M. T., 221 Wyoming.

HARNESS AND TRUNKS.
Fritz, G. W., 410 Lackawanna.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, STOVES, ETC.
Lackawanna Hardware Co., 221 Lacka.

BEDDING, SPRINGS, ETC.
The Scranton Bedding Co., 606 Lacka.

HARDWARE, STOVES, ETC.
Leonard, Thos. F., Lackawanna ave.

BAND INSTRUMENTS AND PIANOS.
Pinn & Phillips, 128 Wyoming.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS.
Protheroe & Co., 134 Washington.

LUMBER AND PLANING MILL.
Ansley, Joseph & Son, 801 Scranton.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
Mercereau & Connell, 207 Lackawanna.

MEATS AND VEGETABLES.
Carr, T. E. & Son, 213 Washington.

GRANITE MONUMENTAL WORKS.
Owens Bros., 215 Adams.

LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.
Security Bldg & Sav'g's Union, Mears Bldg

CRACKERS, CAKES, ETC.
Nat. Biscuit Co. (Baker's Branch), 20 Lack.

CARRIAGES AND HARNESS.
Simrell, V. A., 515 Linden.

PAPER AND BUTCHER SUPPLIES.
Uthman Paper Co., 225 Spruce.

BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE.
Stevens, P. D. & Co., 22 Lackawanna.

FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN.
The Weston Mill Co., Lackawanna ave.

MACARONI AND VERMICELLI.
Cassese Bros., 99 Lackawanna ave.

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS—WHOLESALE.
Levy, N. B. & Bro., Traders' Bldg.

BUTTER, EGGS, FLOUR, HAY, ETC.
Easter & Co., 131 Franklin.

BABCOCK, H. F. & Co., 116 Franklin.

JEWELERS AND WATCH MATERIAL.
Phillips, Geo. & Co., Coal Exchange.

WINES AND LIQUOR.
Casey Bros., 216 Lackawanna.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Northwestern Mutual Life, Mears Bldg.

LAW AND COLLECTION.
O'Neil & Dunn, Coal Exchange.

Yocum, Geo. C., Connell Bldg.

BICYCLES AND PHOTO SUPPLIES.
Florey & Brooks, 211 Washington.

OVERALLS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.
Harris, S., 222 Penn. ave.

LUBRICATING OILS AND GREASES.
Maloney Oil Mfg. Co., 141 Meridian.

OIL, PAINT AND VARNISH.
Maloney Oil Mfg. Co., 141 Meridian.

STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS.
Prendergast & Geipel, 207 Washington.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.
Tague, P. W., 113 S. Main.; Residence 1124 Jackson.

PROCK, WILLIAM, 125 S. Main.

DRY GOODS, SHOES AND GROCERIES.
McCann, P. J., 441 N. Main.

E. Robinson's Sons

Lager Beer Brewery

Manufacturers of **OLD STOCK PILSNER**

435 to 455 N. Ninth St., Scranton, Pa.

Telephone Call, 2333.

The Newark Shoe Store

A FEW FEBRUARY SALE PRICES

ALL

\$6.00 Shoes.....\$4.50

5.00 Shoes..... 3.95

4.00 Shoes..... 2.95

3.50 Shoes..... 2.75

3.00 Shoes..... 2.45

2.50 Shoes..... 1.95

2.00 Shoes..... 1.65

All our leather goods cut in the same proportion.

These are NOT SHOP-WORN goods, but our regular stock. All shop-worn or old stock we place on tables and sell at prices regardless of the original cost.

The Newark Shoe Store

Corner Lackawanna and Wyoming Avenues.

Mercereau & Connell

Established 32 Years.

A particularly fine line of **Watches** now in.

The largest stock of **Sterling Silverware** and Novelties.

A large selection of **Fine Diamonds**

A beautiful show of **Rich Cut Glass**

Fine Jewelry

Clocks, Etc.

IN OUR NEW STORE,

No. 130 Wyoming Avenue

"COAL EXCHANGE"

MAKE PERFECT MEN

Send Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his 1008 page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser, the best medical work published. Cloth-bound 35 cents.

People are easily frightened when they think that something is the matter with heart or lungs. Often they rush to the physician's office and have themselves examined, no matter how big the fee may be.

They do not realize that various ailments, such as indigestion, nervous trouble, and that which is called "the stomach," are really breaking down the system, and usually the last care of man or woman.

When the digestion is impaired, when the blood is poor, when a weakness, or when the body is joined to worry of mind, when consumption is invited by the condition of the lungs and blood, then there is a real scare. What is to be done to purify and vitalize the blood? What will stop that hacking cough and strengthen the weak lungs?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures ninety-eight per cent of such cases. It strengthens weak lungs and cures obstinate lingering cough, bronchitis, bleeding of the lungs and kindred ailments, which, if neglected or unskillfully treated, lead to consumption.

"My wife had hemorrhage of the lungs," writes W. A. Sanders, Esq., of Fern, Mason Co., W. Va. "She had ten hemorrhages, and the people all around here said she would never be well again. But she began to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and soon began to gain strength and flesh. After taking ten bottles she was entirely well. If any one doubts the merits of this medicine they may enclose self-addressed envelope with stamp, and I will answer."

Send Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his 1008 page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser, the best medical work published. Cloth-bound 35 cents.